

1. WITCHCRAFT

If there were witch-craft
I'd make two wishes
A winding road that beckons
me to roam
And then I'd wish for a
blazing campfire,
To welcome me when I'm re-
turning home.
But in this real world,
there is no witchcraft,
And golden wishes do not
grow on trees;
Our fondest daydreams
must be the magic,
To bring us back these
happy memories.
Mem'ries that longer,
Constant and true;
Mem'ries we cherish of yor.

2. HOLLA HI, HOLLA HO

Who is this who enters there,
Holla hi! Holla ho!
Is it not my sweetheart fair,
Holla hi a ho
Past she goes and pays no heed,
Holla hi holla ho.
Tell me, is it she indeed,
Holla hi a ho.

But my friends, 'tis whispered round
What a sweetheart I have found
In my heart I turn the thought
Whether things be well or not.

If another she would wed,
Better off if I were dead!
I shall sorrow all alone,
Heart within me turned to stone.

What is this; my bride you'll be,
Oh what happiness for me
I shall sing the whole day through
Telling of my love for you.

3. MARIANINA

Where the Tuscan sun is warm and
bright.
Dwells a maid whose laugh is
pure delight;
Still I love her just the same.

Chorus: Marianina, tral, la, la,
Marianina, tra, la, la,
O Marianina! O Marianina!
The wild red rose was never
half so fair.
O Marianina! O Marianina!
My Tuscan belle, With poppies
in her hair.

I have loved her ever since we met,
She is mine, but doesn't know it yet;
I shall tell her so tomorrow day,
She will never answer nay.

4. MORNING COMES EARLY

Morning comes early and bright
with dew,
Under your window I sing to you.
Up, the, my comrade, Up, then,
my comrade,
Let us be greeting the morn
so blue.

Why do you linger so long in bed,
Open your window and show your
head.

Up, then, with singing,
Up, then, with singing,
Over the meadows the sun comes red.

5. SHUCKIN' OF THE CORN

I have a ship on the ocean
All lined with silver and gold
Before I'd see my true love suffer
That ship should be anchored and
sold.

Chorus: I'm a goin' to the
shuckin' of the corn
I'm a goin' to the shuckin' of
the corn
A shuckin' of the corn and a
blowin' of the horn
I'm a goin' to the shuckin' of the
corn.

6. THE SILVER MOON IS SHINING

The silver moon is shining
Upon the silent meadow,
I walk a down the meadow
With no one near me.

The nightingale is singing
Beyond the forest shadow,
I sigh within the shadow
Where none can hear me.

How lovely is the moonlight
Between the shadows breaking
My heart would ease its aching
If thou wert near me.

7. TIRITOMBA

When the mountain top thru purple
mist is glowing
And the weed faint green is
showing
When with merry ripple all the
brooks are flowing
Then must I be on my way
Tiritomba, Tiritomba,
All the world is calling
calling to me so
Tiritomba, Tiritomba,
All the world is calling
calling to me so
Tiritomba, Tiritomba,
Tiritomba, I must go.

When the mornin dew is still on
petal clinging
And the lark his song is flinging,
O'er my shoulder stick and bundle
gully slinging

7. (continued)

To the road I take my way,
Tiritomba, Tiritomba,
With my lusty song the country side
will ring
Tiritomba, Tiritomba,
Tiritomba, I must sing.

8. WALTZING MATILDA

Once a jolly swag man camped
by a billabong
Under the shade of a cooliban tree,
And hearing as he sat and waited
while his billy boiled
You'll come a waltzing Matilda
with me.

Chorus: Waltzing Matilda, waltzing
Matilda,
You'll come a waltzing Matilda,
with me.
And he sang as he sat and waited
while his billy boiled,
You'll come a waltzing Matilda
with me.

Down came a jum-buck to drink at
the bill a bong,
Up jumped the swag-man, grabbed
him with glee,
And he sang as he shoved that jum
turkin his tucker bag
You'll come a waltzing Matilda
with me.

Down came the squatter, mounted on
his thorbred, up came the
troopers, one, two, three,
Whose that jolly jum back you've
got on your tucker bag,
You'll come a waltzing Matilda,
with me.

Up jumped the swag-man sprang into
the billabong,
You'll never catch me a live, said he,
And his ghost may be heard as you
pass by that billabong.
You'll come a waltzing Matilda,
with me.

9.. WEGGIS SONG

From Lucerne to Weggis fair
Holdiridia, holdiria
Shoes and stockings we need
not wear,
Hol-di-ri-dia, Holdia.

Chorus: Hol di ri dia,
Holdiridia, holdiria,
Hol di ri dia, Holdiridia,
holdia.

When we row across the bay,
Holdiridia, holdiria,
There we see pretty maidens
gay,
Holdiridia, holdia.

Weggis leads to a mountain
high
Holdiridia, holdiria.
Gaily sing as we go by,
Holdiridia, holdia.

10. OVER THE MEADOW

Over the meadows green and wide,
Blooming in the sunlight,
Blooming in the sunlight
Over the meadows green and wide,
Off we go a roaming side by side
(Hey)

Chorus:

Streamlets down mountain go,
Pure from the winter's snow,
Joining, they swiftly go,
Singing of life so free,
Streamlets down mountains go,
Pure from the winter snow
Joining, they swiftly go,
Calling to me.

Sweet is the air with
new-mown hay,
Cooling in the twilight
Cooling in the twilight,
Sweet is the air with
new-mown hay,
As we homeward go at close of day.
(Hey)